

Little Fragments of Horror

By Peter David Smith

The Spacecraft

A spacecraft crashed on Earth. The occupants were of an advanced civilization which had nanite-based medical technology.

The crew of the ship were, technically, dead. However, their species was able to reboot from death even when their bodies were very disfigured and damaged. This was possible because of the combination of their resilient anatomy and the nanites' advanced repair ability.

On this occasion, however, the crew were too far gone. The nanites could do nothing. It was one of those cases where dead means dead and that's the end of it.

Still functioning, the nanites explored the inside of the spacecraft and eventually found their way through a broken part of the hull.

Outside on the ground the nanites wandered onward until they came to a cemetery.

Exploring the graves, the nanites found humans who had recently been buried.

They began to repair the humans, even though they had never seen a human before.

The human anatomy was very simple. The nanites soon had several humans up on their feet and stumbling around looking for food.

The nanites were very pleased to have been of service. They decided to continue their medical repair duties across the Planet Earth. It was a mission of mercy.

The Hammer

I lived on Windmill Hill in a house called "Kaysienne". One day I started thinking about gardening. For no reason. The subject of gardening just popped into my mind, unbidden.

Then the phone rang. The call was from Lacy, who lived a couple of streets away. She wanted to pay me some money for digging her front garden. I agreed.

I put on clothes which were even scruffier than the clothes I normally wear and went round to Lacy's house.

Lacy handed me a spade and I began digging the dried out mud in the front garden.

After half an hour or so I dug up a hammer. It was an old, slightly rusty, claw hammer.

When I had finished the garden Lacy paid me and I showed her the hammer I'd found.

"Oh, you can keep that" said Lacy, "Take it away".

"OK, thanks" I replied.

As I walked home I wondered why someone would bury a hammer in their garden. It occurred to me that a claw hammer could be a vicious weapon. You could do a lot of damage with a claw hammer.

I remembered a murder which had happened in the neighbourhood a couple of years before. A policeman told me that it was a "very messy" killing. He had described the weapon as "a cleaver". The newspaper said it was "an axe".

I began to wonder what was the history of this claw hammer. It was a little bit worrying.

Perhaps there are some things it might be better to not know.

Janet

Janet had always wondered what normal sex was like. She was young and her only experience of sex was as a victim of abuse.

When Janet met Mr. and Mrs. Mountbank she was intrigued by their philosophy of the magical power of the mind. She began to learn from them and to regard their lifestyle as a normal world of sexual freedom. Anything goes in the world of magic and the power of the mind.

Still she had her doubts.

Janet went along with the life of the Mountbanks and their friends.

There were rituals, there were drugs, there was nudity. Janet kept wondering "Is this normal? Is this how normal people's sex lives are?" She knew it was unconventional. But was it "normal"?

Janet wondered whether it was, strictly speaking, "alright" to be tied to a tree in the garden and renamed as "Justine" while Mr. and Mrs. Mountbank whipped her with vines.

They all had tea together dressed as furry animals wearing top hats. "Perhaps" thought Janet, "It is a bit of fun. So, probably normal. For a bit of fun, that is..."

They played word games and had showers together. "At least we're all clean" thought Janet.

"When Mr. Mountbank was giving her "anal" Janet thought "I'm not sure this is normal. No, it can't be. I'm pretty sure this probably isn't normal. I must remember to ask someone about it. It's not very nice and my bum really hurts. I'll ask someone about it later".

All of my writing, sound art, visual art etc. is under a Creative Commons copyright.

[CC BY-NC-ND](#)



This license enables re-users to copy and distribute the material in any medium or format in unadapted form only, for noncommercial purposes only, and only so long as attribution is given to the creator.

CC BY-NC-ND includes the following elements:

BY: credit must be given to the creator.

NC: Only noncommercial uses of the work are permitted.

ND: No derivatives or adaptations of the work are permitted.